SEVERAPER LAWE

A SONG OF WORK.

A charming take was that of old.

Per laxy folias by poels told.

That 'tis Love that makes the world go roundRound and round.

With never a sound.—

Over and over.

From Sydney to Dover.—

Here we no, there we go, till the brain reels;

Nowen our beeds and now on our beels;

But we know is is not Love at all

That keeps a going this cosmic ball;

For oh:

'The Work that makes the world go round,

The Work that makes the world go round, And Love only oils the wheels? prate as more of a "primal curse;"

Eden kept, things might have been

With Eden kept, things might have been worse;

For 'ils Work that makes the world go round! So day by day

We'll work navay,

Plowing and sowing,

Becoming and sowing,

Becoming and mowing,

Lounning and weaving and retting of meals,

Forging and building and haying of keels;

Slayes and prisoners labor: free men disdail

A word so fraught with crime and pain!

Yet ch!

The hard to make the world po round,

If Love do not oil the wheels!

What know they of rest who never work. But the duties of manhood and woman

th'rk? "Tis Work that makes the world go round! When work is done

When work is done

'Its time for fur—

Father and mother,
Sister and brother,
Sister and brother,
Baby and all, with the merriest peals
Growting the joys house life reveals.
Day's work brings peace and rest at night;
For Work means Duty, and Duty is right.

casy to make the world so round, Love will but oil the wheels! W. Batchelder, in Spring Seld (Mass.) Re-

#### THREE SCENES.

The Hidden Link Which Made of Them One Chain.

Neither the brush nor the pen, but the lancet and the scalpel are properly my ied in delineating on the canvas of The reverie-painted pictures are e in number and each is vivid, sharply ned, and stands conspicuously out in setting of trivial or exciting circumstance. Have they any thing in common, despite their seeming dissociation? I begin to blink so. A more debines problem: If there is indeed a hidden secret link between these events, will the discovery thereof aid or hinder the realization of my dearest hope? I have at present as dearest hope! I have at present no auswe to this question.

The first scene imagination has conjured anew before me with all the exactness of realism reveals the interior of a jeweler's shop in Ronford, my native town. It is a fine, large business spertment, with its walls lined with cases displaying through their polished glass coatly articles of virtu-for Mr. Huntley magnines his trade, and is a collector—and its counters spread with more cases, holding in dainty nests gold and silver and precious stones fashioned in many forms of use and ornament. Mr. Huntley's shopman is his virtue for the front rearranging a portion of and ornament. Mr. Huntley's shopman is busy in the front rearranging a portion of the stock; his employer and I are discuss-ing in the office, semi-partitioned off at the rear, a question of local politics having no sort of connection with the present marrative. My father is vicar of Ranford; and Mr. Huntler, as long as I can recollect, has been ricar's churchwarden—hence the intimary between us, and although I have commenced the study of medicine, and look speedily to sever the tie of residence in the let western town, I am still interested in al affairs. Suddenly, the shop doors-ers are wisely two-open one after the our-the inner one with a sharp little k that betokous nervousness or haste on the part of the prospective customer. The susters young man who is polishing an mained brooch deftly replaces it, slides back the case bottom with a subdued classification. enaloci brooch deftly replaces it, slides back the case bottom with a subdued click, and waits in an attitude of deferential abtention. Standing at right angles to Mr. Hiunley's desk, I am faving the shop and

the restraint of the simple sun-but; the dress of soft creamy white, which

chor articles, which seem to have formed part of a fashionable lady's outint of jow-siry. The color has deepened on the maiden's face, and I am fancying that she said once proad of her possessions and surious as to the result of her present enterprise. She has reason for her anxiety, of which it is charitable to believe she suspects nothing. I will be hold to say that one can not watch the changing lights and shadows of her countenance and timb her seem is a metropolitan railway station. The place is thronged with vary various.

ink both the assistant and myself in-lively prick upour cars. The girl, a startled by his tone, "I have been ad-pape said it—that the stones in receipt alone cost two hundred and

try pounds."
The glance with which she meets Mr.
untley's seen look is as open as the day,
of the expression on the jeweler's face
rms to one of pity. "I could not give you
many shillings, miss. The stones are
ever imitations, and that is all. There is
done genuine amongst those you have
lower me. Mr. Skirrow, let ma have your
leaden."

selerant confirms the unflattering it, and does it with a sucer that I used, though with no valid reason,

for us all. At last there is a half-stiffed

It is plain that she accepts the situation, and that her thoughts are even now busy with the solution of her dark enigms. For the moment she has forgotten her environment, and she murmurs her vain protest against the—to us—unknown culprit whose duplicity, however exercised, has plunged her into an abyas of shame. Then she stammers an encloser, accepts mechanically stammers an apology, accepts mechanically at Mr. Huntley's hands the shabby bag into which he has gathered, by her permission, the dishonored treasures, and re-tires. I question if in all Renford there is a heavier heart; and I wonder, with eager palpitating interest, who is "Jack," and what is the precise nature of the nefarious trick he has perpetrated.

Mr. Runtley can explain little—only that Miss Raine and her father (who is said to be an artist) are the new people at Bristol

The second of these pictures, imprinted so indelibly on the retina of my mind, is widely different in molif and in detail. The lace is an ambulance tent, pitched, literally sough, as some of us think, in the wilderness. The Egyptian troubles that began with the riots and rebellion at Alexandria have culminated in the Soudan war. Gor-don-bravest of the brave-has reached Kbartoum. El Teb has been fought, and and our troops are on their way back from Tokar to Trinkitat. I am with them in the capacity of army surgeon, and there are times when I satirise bitterly the longing for adventure and idle dreams of distinction for adventure and idle dreams of distinction to which I am indebted for the appointment I hold. But self-reproaches are useless. The tent is tenanted by four men, three of whom have been wounded in a surprise skirmish—a mere outpost affair; the other is the victim of a camp accident. The most serious case is that of a private called Eastleigh. He has been builty dealt with blood, and himself believes that his last hlood, and himself believes that his last repeated in the standard of the what is possible, have attended to the needs of his companions in misfortune, and have lin-gered by Easileigh's side to test yet again the security and sufficiency of his bandages. What it is in the poor fellow's face that strikes me with a sense of familiarity, or

at least of previous acquaintance, I can no guess. But even in these dubious half lights, I am persuaded that some reminis-cence should answer to the impression cence should answer to the impression thus created. Only—it falls to do so. ctor!" Eastleigh faintly moans.

"Well, my lad!" I respond.
"Tell me plainty. Have I a chance!"
"I decidedly hope so," I reply, evasively.
"And hope isn't expectation," he says,

with a curious smile. I am silent. I dare not equivocate in such a case as this; and I recognize, too, that, though but a private soldier, Eastleigh is a man of education, and quick to seize the meaning of accents as well as of words. "I take it, you and I form the same opin ion, doctor," he says, between two terrible paroxysms of pain: "and the world won't lose much if I do go: but-but-I wish you'd do me a favor. I can depend on you!" 'Any thing that is in my power, East-

"Two a father living in England, and he and I quarreled. I was to blame. I was a sad scapegrace. But he thinks to this day I robbed him. I didn't; it was my cousin Dick. Find him, and tell him that. The

But the exertion is too much; the patient relapses into unconsicousness, and is re-stored with difficulty. I forbid further

"I guite understand what it is that you rights understand what it is that you wish of me, and I will do as you request." I say. "The address, I shall find, if I require it, with your kit. I hope it will be unnecessary for me to search, and that rou'll live to explain to your father face to face. Now, silence! Dickson will watch, and send for me if wanted." And I go out into the darkness of the plain and muse over a solitary cigar until joined by a couple of regimental comrades. I can not forget the face of the wounded soldier.

In describing the third of these menta pictures, I must explain that I am now no onger half a civilian and half a soldier Military stations and barrack hospitals know me no more. A slender inheritance Huntley's desk, I am facing the shop and the street, and however meuricus, am compelled to see and hear what passes.

Standing at right angles to Mr. syne; he and ans write the street, and however meuricus, am dren—are delightful people; and Great Gamble is a quaint, healthy, well-behaved East Anglian town, with many another huntless and the street of the street o compolled to see and hear what passes.

It is a young girl—she may be fifteen, she may be older—who has entered, and there is something about her that I find curiously attractive. She is a stranger to me, and therefore, perhaps, I observe more particularly the slim shapely figure, fawn-like in its timid yet graceful movements; the pretty piquant profile; the clear complex loa, with the pink spot, telling of excitement, in the center of the beautiful molded cheek; the wayward, golden curls, that defy the restraint of the simple sun-hat; and the dress of soft creamy white, which so admirable with the content of the simple sun-hat; and the dress of soft creamy white, which so admirable with excitement, I undurdened myself of the sequence, the the recollection. All the celor fled from my love's face.

"Dick the guilty one! And we both were blinded!

"But, Mrs. Bristowe, can you be certain of this soldier's identity!"

"I think so," Margaret answered. "Easting was my mother's moiden name, it was natural for Jack to assume that. But, oh, tell me—what became of him?"

Suspense approaching agony was in the Pink and the dress of soft creamy white, which and the dress of soft creamy white, which so admirably suits both its owner and the plessant summer weather. Erect, energetic, with an evident sense of humiliation playing the foil to a touch of unconscious hauteur—the vision comes back as I write.

"You wish to see the principal, miss?
Did I understand correctly!"

The girl gives a guilder. Specially suited the church door, and was a dead man before succor could arrive. The medical evidence showed that he was the victim of heart disease, to which the excitement of the day and the hour had administered a fatal impetus. So grievous a shock would abundantly account for the gravity which seems a marked feature of Mrs. Bristowe's character. Not that she is Did I understand correctly?"

The girl gives a quick gesture of assont; the assistant calls his master, and I am left with only the occupation of the onlooker.

From a small threadbare reticule I see produced a bracelet, a ring, and one or two other articles, which seem to have formed part of a fashionable lady s outht of jew-sity. The color has decented on the stately beauty.

"These—what can you give me for these it she asks, in a low, quivering voice. "You de buy goms. I believe: these are very valuable, I am told." She does not appear to have the smallest appreciation of the fact that a respectable tradesman will hardly make a random offer for jewels that can be thus described, witnout inquiry not only as to the bons fide of the applicant, but as to the authority also for the sale.

But this stage is never reached. Mr. Huntley has taken up one by one led them aside after an inspection whice has its result in making him phenomenally grave and chasting a storm-line across his forchead: "Have you any does of the worth of these articles, or of either—any one of them?" he dryfy asias.

I think both the assistant and myself interior of the sale articles, are of either—any one of them?" he dryfy asias.

I think both the assistant and myself interior of the sale articles, are of either—any one of them?" he dryfy asias.

I think both the assistant and myself interior of the sale articles, are of either—any one of them?" he dryfy asias.

I think both the assistant and myself interior of the brave been ussured—papa said it—that the stones in usually for the brave fellows who marched in vain of releave Gordon—and alas! marched in vain of releave Gordon—and alas! marched in vain of these of the brave fellows who marched in vain of the coverion. The train! I wish to catch, and the departure platform seems almost described, by comparison with the stir and bustle deswhere. I stand dily by, and watch a body of the bronzed heroes file past on the departure platform seems almost described, by comparison with the stir and bustle deswhere. I stand dily by, and watch a body of the bronzed heroes file past on the departure platform seems almost described, by comparison with the stir and bustle deswhere. I stand dily by, and watch a body of the bronzed heroes file past on the departure platform seems almost described, by comparison with the storm. I am then minutes early in the train. I am ten to two the

his arm is a woman in black, closely reiled.

"Perhaps it was a mistake, and it was some one like John at a little distance, but not himself," anys the father, as I instantly elect to believe him. The tones have in them such a depth of sadness and vain regret that I unconsciously fall to studying the speaker's face. It is a striking and a noble one, though there are signs that both pride and passion have done work thereupon with their ruthless graving tools. As I watch, there comes to me the conviction that these lineaments are not wholly strange; yet I sim baffied to discover any basis for the curious fancy of familiarity.

His companion muriners semesting which the shriek of a whistle causes me tolors (as if I had the remotest right to

to come (as if I had the remotest right to play the careadropper.)

"Ah, John! Cue he not trust me to for-give him every thing!" the old man an-

This is your train, sir. Any inggaret!
I saunter iolsurely off in the rear of the

porter I have tipped, and the ep-scarce worthy of such a designation scarce worthy of such a designation—is a an end. But that fragment of conversatio comes back at this hour as if it were eve now ringing in my ears, and I am trying t account for the enduring nature of these recollections as I weave them together.

I paused at the preceding paragraph three hours ago, and took my hat and over-coat—for it is a stormy October night—and went to Mostyn, as the Hildreth's nome is called. Mrs. Bristowe's visit draws to a close. She has a father staying with friends in a southern cathedral city, and she has but fulfilled an old promise by thus incending the Fee country. Paragrat and invading the Fen country. Parent and daughter return simultaneously, or as near in as they can contrive it, to their Lordon residence. Further delay on my part might have been disastroirs. By which him I have perhaps revealed that I do not write as a disappointed man. Yet there was nazard and uncertainty.

Mrs. Hildreth had more than a suspicion of my errand, and contrived, with womanly dexterity, to leave Margaret and me to a tele-a-tele, a service for which I shall ever owe my partner's wife a debt of gratitude. Hildreth was attending old Sir Lucas Gan nithorns at Gamble Manor for gont. I had counted upon this; though, had he been a home, my friend and colleague, I make no doubt, would have caught a peculiar twinkle in his wife's eyes—or have prac-ticed the art of divination for himself—and have remembered a neglected call.

I am not going to enter into details. Let suffice that I offered my hand to Mrs Bristowe—my heart was here already—and was refused. But she admitted that to some extent she reciprocated my feelings of regard and affection; whereupon I placked up courage to inquire into the reasons of her decision.

During the course of the conversation that ensued between us, it was berne in upon me more and more that Margaret was the girl who had suffered so crushing a discomfiture in the jeweler's shop at Resford. I was determined in some way to have this question resolved before wishing per farewell. But she forestalled my pur

"Our acquaintance has been agreeable to me also, I confess," she said. "Have you any idea, Mr. Bruton, that it was not in this room that we met—or rather were thrown into accidental proalmity for the first or

he second time! I started at these last words. Was Margaret the veiled lady of the railway plat-form? "I must acknowledge that I am prepared to hear it," I answered. Our eyes met and there was the bond heaceforth of a mutual understanding between us. But how full of hopelers pain was Margaret's glance! And then, bit by bit, she confided to me the story, which, in her view, consti-tuted an insurmountable obstacle in the path of my happiness. She had a prodigal brother, who had only escaped condign punishment for his misdemeanors by op-portune disappearance. The burden of vicarious shame lay heavy on her soul, and she most resolutely purposed to bear the load alone.

"We know nothing of Jack's where abouts or mode of life new," she "and it is my daily dread that some disgrace may yet come upon us. I will not expose another to this irksome risk." My temcrity surely transgressed the ounds of courtesy. "But you married bounds of courtesy. Mr. Bristowel" I said.

The delicate oval features were mantled with a vivid blush, and I construed the sign as chiefly one of anger. It had a very different, and, for me, a less awaward explanation.

"Poor Dick! I will not say one harsh word of him." she murmured. "Rut-I did not-girl as I was-care for Dick as a woman ought to care for the man she mar-ries. He was my father's choice for me, and he had a knowledge of my brother's escapades, which we wished buried in si-

"And you were the sacrifice." There was no denial. "If Jack would come home and reform, father would forgive bim even the affair of the jewels. You give him even the analysis to elevers. You saw me try to sell the sham one, wickedly and eleverly put in the place of the real gens," Margaret morapured. "It was a cruel trick, for mency was control thos. Father was ill, and there were Job's other defalcations to make up. I thought I saw my brother once in uniform, as a common "And I was there, too!"

"You! It was the opportunity for giving an ac-

of his faults. I hastened to relieve the ten-

sire, Margaret!"

Sweetest of monosyllables was my girl's

Postscript, a year after, by Mrs. Margaret Bruton: "Amongst some old papers that Frank has brought from his don in Great Gamble fligh street to our next, so prettily named Woodbine Villa, there was the above. shadows of her countenance and think her the originator or willful accomplice of fraud.

"These—what can you give me for these!" she saits, in a low, quivering voice. "You de buy going, I believe; these are very valuable, I am told." She does not appear to have the smallest appreciation of the left that a respectable.

lost brother. Frank had very little difficulty in finding him, knowing so well in what quarter to apply. Jobk was ignorant of my first marriage and of his cousin Dick's doubt. It seeined that pride and a mistaken death. It seemed that pride and a mistaken notice that my father's resontment was implicable, kept him from communicating with us. He has now made it very clear that he was rather sinned against than swaller, though he was too noble to accuse like at the time. It was unnecessary to purchase his discharge, as his time of service was nearly expired, and he has now estited down in a mercantile appointment, sobered and repentant of his past follies. And this, and more much more, we own to my self-willed, provoking, nohie-hearted husband."—Uhambers' Journal.

# An Ancient Family.

There are more ways than one or calling a person an old goose. Pechaps the nentest is that adopted by Kosciusko Murphy. Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin is very proud of her relations to the Longcollins of Virginia. Taking offence at some remark made by Kosciusko, he said, in a cold, haughty tone of voice

"Sir, I wish you to understand that I belong to an ancient family."
"Yes," replied Eossinsko, yawning,
"Twe read of that family. They saved the Roman capital."—Texas Siftings.

-Milk bread dries out faster than

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-Oat straw is best for filling beds. It s well to change the straw as often as once a year. -A certain farmer sticks clothes pins

through a board, nails up the board and hangs his whips in the pins. Saves oney and whips. -If a man has a good place for goese he may profit by raising them. Geese will injure crops if allowed, but there is nothing on the farm that can be taught their place more readily than they .-

Christian at Work. -Farm and Home recommends the following plan to prevent a cow from sucking herself: Smear her teats with molasses and red pepper. She will look better so than with a halter or neckframe on. You will be more delighted with the result than the cow is with the

experiment. -To Serve a Watermelon: Cut the nelon in two; take out the pink part in mooth spoonfuls, removing the seeds. and pile up in a glass dish; ornament with flakes of white of egg, fruthed, and sweetened with a little powdered sugar. Set on the lee till ready to serve. - N. Y. Observer.

-A pretty cushion may be made in strips, narrow at the ends and widened toward the middle, put together with a strip of black and gold-colored wool. They are in the shape of a muskmelon, and are divided off into sections, drawn up in the middle, and tied with a orsted cord and tassel. - Indian polis Journal.

-There are not a few houses in which pen, paper and ink are so rarely used that when wanted they are scarcely to be found, and if found, the paper is yellow, the lak pale and the pen rusty. A place should be provided for them. Every member of the family should be encouraged to use them.

-A new plan for protecting half-hardy plants was tried in England last winter by the Royal Botanic Society A layer of water, contained in a shall ow glass tank, was placed over the plants, instead of the glass alone, and was found to possess two advantages, being an offective safeguard against frost and against the excessive heat of the sun. - N. Y. Ledger.

-The manure of a milking cow de pendent on pasture alone can not be very rich. The food is succellent and timulating to milk production, and this removes most of the nitrogenous and mineral elements that the cow eats. If the cows are yarded at night, the more valuable parts of their manure are left in the farmyard. - Boston Globe

-It is not a bad rule to keep orchard lands in as good heart as the corn-field To do this some manure is necessary If large crops of fruit and grass are re noved, considerable manure is needed to keep up the fertility. Tillage serves partly as manure in the cornfield, but old orchards that are seeded down are not thus benefited .- Prairie Farmer.

-Dry Bread Fritters: Two cups of dry, fine bread crumbs, two table-spoonfuls prepared flour, half a pint or rather less of milk, four well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar, a table spoonful of butter and a few currants. Boil the milk and pour over the bread, dredge the currants with flour and mix of these unfortunates, who are usuall all into a stiff batter. Drop into hot burdens to their families, agains lard as doughnuts and send to table in whom the public schools are closed powdered sugar. - Indianapolis Senti-

spoonfuls of starch and one tenspoon Intercourse with their fellows by unture even full of powdered borex, and dis- of their malady, or find an asylum solve in one and one-half cups of cold only in institutions for idiots or insanc, water. The shirts must not be previously starched, and they must be per- refuge where these sufferers might be feetly dry. Dip the cuffs, collars, posoms and neckbands in the starch, then roll up tight in a dry cloth, and learn trades, and the great majority let them lie two hours. Then rub off and iron. They will be like pasteboard, and have a nice gloss - Christian at Work.

# DRAINAGE AND HEALTH.

How the Salubrity of Surface is Influenced

Substantial agricultural benefits, improved health and greater longevity always follow the removal of an excess of water from the surface of either farming or unused lands. Vigorous "He was much better the next morning, and I believe recovered," I said. "But he was not properly in my charge. I had duties elsewhere; and I have not seen him since. But it is nearly a certainty that you saw him on the occasion you have mentioned. If I find him for you, and there is a reconciliation and Jack makes good his atatement of innocease, of which I have no doubt—will you then grant me my donire, Margarett" It has been said of some of the Western States that it has been necessary for one generation to be offered as a sacrifice to malarial influences that the next following may enjoy fair health. This has in part been unavoidable, for the reason that new alluvial soil can not be turned up to the sun and tilled without setting free whatever of malarial poison is within it, whether the surface be water-logged or not. More surface drainage is of course better than no drainage at all. a great deal better, in fact; but water in excess, hidden under the surface, is nevertheless a source of danger. Pointed proof of this is found in the fact that a dwelling built upon ground where water stands beneath though at a depth of three or four feet is not a safe house to live in.

Due consideration is not given to the salubrity of the climate by our law makers, in so far as this is influenced by surface conditions. The law is se vere and explicit enough regarding what are known as nulsances, are permitted to harbor a real and dan gerous nuisance in the form of stag naut water accumulation upon the farms, and may go unchallenged s long as they place no careasses of dea beasts in the stagnant pools and do no drain these onto their neighbor's land It may be answered that the law hi no right to dictate how a man shall take care of his own lands, but whe we take into account the matter health in a neighborhood, and the fa that water finds its own level, and th neither section lines, fences, nor iln lividing one man's land from the lat belonging to another, prevents wats from the swamps and ponds on on man's premises going to the sub-soil of adjacent lands, it should cease to be estion whether the injured party nitable rights that the other sho

IN THE FAR EAST.

the Antipodal World Impresses th Mind of Western Travelers.

The boylsh belief that on the other side of our globe all things are of ne-cessity upside down is startlingly brought back to the man when he first sets foot at Yokohama. If his initial standing calmly on their heads, an attitude which his youthful imagination glance does not, to be sure, disclose conceived to be a necessary conse quence of their geographical position does at least reveal them looking at the world as if from the standpoint of that eccentric posture. For they seem to him to see every thing topsy-turvy Whether it be that their antipodal situation has affected their brains, or whether it is the mind of the observer himself that has hitherto been wrong in undertaking to rectify the inverted pictures presented by his retina, the re sult, at all events, is undeniable. The world stands reversed, and taking for grauted his own uprightness, the stranger unhesitatingly imputes to them an obliquity of vision, a state of mind outwardly typified by their catike obliqueness of expression.

If the inversion be not precisely of the kind be expected, it is none the less striking, and impressively more real. If personal experience has thoroughly convinced him that the inhabitants of that under side of our planet do not adhere to it head downwards, like flies on a celling-his early a priori deduction—they still appear quite as anti-podal, montally considered. Intellect-ually, at least, their attitude sets gravity at defiance. For to the mind's eve their world is one huge, comical antithesis of our own. What we regard intuitively in one way from our standpoint, they as intuitively observe in a diametrically opposite manner from theirs. To speak backwards, write backwards, read backwards, is out the a b c of their contrariety. The inversion extends deeper than mere modes of expression, down into the very matter of thought. Ideas of ours which we deemed innate find in them no home, while methods which strike us as preposterously unnatural appear to be their birth-right. Indeed, to one anxious to conform to the manners and customs of the country, the only road to right lies in following unswervingly that course which his inherited instincts assure him to be wrong.-Percival Lowell, in Atlantic.

### EPILEPTIC COLONY.

n Enterprise Remarkable for Nobility A short time ago I visited the "Both-

Epileptic Colony at Bielefeld, in the Province of Westphalia, Germany. It is now nearly twenty years sin Pastor von Bodelschwingh, a Lutherau clergyman, purchased a farm-house. and with four epileptics established here a colony which for nobility of conception and successful results has no where an equal. From this small be ginning there has been a gradual growth until to-day there are over 825 epileptic patients, and more than sixty houses upon the farm. The founder had long considered the unicappy lot whom the public schools are closed, whom none will employ in shops or apprentice to trades, and who -To do up shirts, take two table- are often necessarily deprived of social cured, if curable; might have a home if recovery were impossible; might become educated, useful and industrious citizens. Visitors are deeply impressed with the happiness, contentment and prosperity overvwhere aplittle epileptic world. No longer an experiment, it answers the previously unanswerable objections to such aggregations. Since its foundation more than 2,000 patients have been treated here, more than 150 cured, and more

than 450 discharged improved. The employments in this institute are numerous and varied. Work not only ameliorates the mental and physical condition of epileptics, but the incurably afflicted are provided with occupations which they are not permitted elsewhere to follow. A school furnisher instruction to some 150 pupils of both sexes. All branches are taught."-Dr. F. Peterson, in Medical Journal.

—A little five-year-old boy, who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house, exclaiming to his sister:

O, Lizzie! I seen a great hig monstiferons tall walking around with a

# THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13

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i	APPLES-Prime, per barrel 1 73 65	3	25
×	NEW YORK.	-	
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a	PORK-Mess. 15 to 6 LARD-Steam 6 40	3	0054
80	BALTIMORE		
1	FLOUR-Family 3 10 G GRAIN-Wheat No. 3 77346 Corn-Mixed 59466 Outs-Mixed 81 6	а	6516
1	GRAIN-Wheat No. 3	32	5014
Ł	Outs-Mixed 81 @	媽	8214
8	PORK-Mess	#4	90
5	CATTLE-First quality 3 25 @	18	1956
Ш	HOGS	200	50
ŧ.	GRAIN-Wheat-No. 2 red		5014
Ø.	Corn-Mixed	瓠	511
f	Onts-Mixed	H	27
8	LOUISVILLE.	3	15
8	FLOUR-A No. 1		7134
d	Ceru-Mixed	Ш	40
			00

-Referring to the danger of small boys playing in the river, a Sheldon This reminds correspondent says: "This reminds us of the saying of an old woman of ndent says: our acquaintance 50 years ago. Her son Johnny wanted to go to the river fishing, and she said to him when ready to depart: "Johnny, don't go near the river when fishing, for you

She Couldn't Understand R.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you!" naked one lady of another when they met en the street the other day; "I can't understand't. Thea you were pale, haggard and low-spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and shall I tell you what dreve them away! It was Dr. Piece's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the "Prescription." Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

MATCH MAKING mammas going away for the summer months naturally took their daughters to the Grand Union—Harper's Besse.

How to Reduce Your Expenses.

You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single confort; on the contrary, you will enjoy life more than ever. How can you accomplish this result! Easily; cut down your doctor's bills. When you lose your appetite, and become bilious and constipated, and therefore low spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or, on the other hand, wait until you are sick abed before dolog anything at all; but just go to the druggial's and for twenty-five cents get a supply of Ir. Pierce's Pleasant Furgative Pellets. Take them as directed, and our word for it, your unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody interested (except the doctor) will feel happy.

No, you may not understand why a saw log

No, you may not understand why a saw lo is like a crank, but if you look close you wil see that they are both off their base. — Parists Paragraphic.

Needless Alarse
Is experienced by some flighty people observant of unusual palences in their countenances, who experience discomfore in the region of the stemach or liver, or who pass a restless night or two. These are small allments, capable, indeed, of aggravation by neglect, but easily removable at the start by the flue assistant of digestion, assimilation and sleep, Hostetter's Stemach Bitters. Use this pure remedy, so admirably adapted to family emergencies. Malaria and kidney complaints are relieved by it.

MINISTRES are about the only servants who do not have "Sunday out "-Harper's Beser.

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A Prise of \$1,00,000 in a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congraturated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monaler. Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning \$100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrotlions diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

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Owing to their entire freedom from injurious drugs, "Tansill's Punch" Sc. Cigars are the most popular in the world. Tun dissipated actor who lives in a garret has some cause to rall at dram attie art.

Better is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarri. 50 cents. THERE is sex in fruit; haven't you heard of a mandate! - Texas Siftings.

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